

Good Morning 671

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Home Town Topics

PLYMOUTH faces the summer with a deck-chair famine.

There are fewer than 1,000 serviceable chairs available along the sea front. Before the war the Corporation "ran" 7,000 chairs, which earned a big sum in tuppences annually.

Stocks, which cannot be replaced during the war, have shrunk through damage by the public, blitzing, and loss of chairs used at rest centres after raids.

Some chairs formerly on hire at Tinside bathing place have for the past four years been transferred to the Art Gallery (now the "Council Chamber") for use during Council meetings.

JAM JARS.

MRS. CRIMP, organiser of the Lord Mayor of Plymouth's free canteen at North Road station, has once more sent out an S.O.S. call for jam jars.

For the past two years the canteen has been serving tea in jam jars at night owing to the terrifying rate at which cups and mugs used to disappear. (Many customers jump into their trains and take their tea with them.)

But jam jars vanish as quickly as cups, and twice Mrs. Crimp has made an appeal to the public for fresh supplies.

Hundreds have been brought into the canteen, but the other night men had to wait while others "drank up," as the stock of jars had got down to twenty or thirty.

COUPONS.

A WELL-KNOWN Torquay resident, who has been letting his wife get away with most of the clothing coupons for the past couple of years, and is consequently not so well tailored as he used to be, was stopped the other day by a man who asked him the way to the Strand.

After receiving the direction he sought the stranger pulled out a shilling from his pocket and said, "Here, take this, old chap. You look as if you can do with it."

NO PICTURES.

A MEMBER of the City Engineer's staff was doing some surveying in Russell Street, Plymouth, using a theodolite on tripod, when three girl assistants came out of a nearby shop and asked him how much he would charge to take their photographs.

The girlies were quite disappointed when the surveyor, suspecting a leg-pull, replied with some irritation that he wasn't taking pictures!



Too Ill To Play—He Scored 226

JACK HOBBS!

That name means more to cricket than any other. Hobbs is known, respected and liked probably by more people than any other sportsman in the world. Yet, despite the fact that he was for nearly thirty years the idol of the crowds, friend of great men, and holder of scores of records, Jack Hobbs never lost his head; never forgot that he was a servant of the great British sporting public.

That spirit of service in Hobbs resulted in an incident that can rarely, if ever, have been equalled in County cricket.

It is the morning of August Monday, 1914. The world is on the brink of the Great War—yet everybody, in their hearts sensing that this may be their last real holiday for some time, is out to gain some enjoyment.

Inside Kennington Oval, home of the Surrey County Cricket Club, the spectators have been packed in. A warm sun beats down upon them. Everybody has forgotten everything else but one thing—Jack Hobbs, in great form, is to bat

JOHN ALLEN continues his cricketing series "They Only Happen Once"

this day. Nothing else seems to matter to that crowd but one thing—the young master of the willow is going to appear at the crease against the old friends and foes from Nottingham.

But inside the pavilion everyone was worried.

Jack Hobbs had been taken very ill. The previous night he had spent tossing about in bed with a high temperature and in the morning it was feared that he might have to remain at home.

But Jack Hobbs loved his job, and his team; realised what his absence from the side might do. So, against the wishes of his family he climbed on a bus and went off to the Oval.

"Why, Jack, you look like death," one of his team-mates greeted him with, as Hobbs entered the pavilion. "Feel all right?"

"Not too good," he answered, "but I'll be all right after a rest."

For some time Jack Hobbs lay on a form in the dressing room. All his colleagues felt worried, for it wasn't like the quiet but humorous Jack to lay back and say nothing. They knew he must feel very queer, for Hobbs would never give anyone the idea he was not feeling in the pink under normal circumstances.

"You cannot play to-day," his skipper said. "You must rest, Jack."

"I must play!" he exclaimed. "Look at the crowd out there. They expect me to do something for them on their holiday. And I will."

Feeling "out on his feet," but still wearing that grin on his handsome face, Jack Hobbs strode out to face the demon bowlers of Nottingham. What is more, he kept faith with the people who had travelled from near and far to see the last Bank Holiday match at Kennington Oval before the war clouds broke.

Quick singles, brilliant fours, and a couple of beautifully-judged sixes, were included in Hobbs' knock that day, and, when finally he was caught in the deep, the England and Surrey master had scored 226 runs!

"Now," he said, when the dressing-room was reached, and the cheers of the crowd could still be heard. "I can think about going to bed!"

CRICKETING LORD.

Courage is a thing admired by everyone, in every walk of life, but in cricket, especially when so much depends upon the skill of one man, it often stands out.

It did during the Test Match between England and Australia at Leeds in 1921.

During the Australians' first innings Lord Tennyson, the England and Hampshire all-rounder, always a daring fieldsmen, injured his right hand in stopping an almost-certain boundary.

His damaged hand was examined by a doctor who said that he would not be able to bat. "Another blow on the hand might cause serious damage," he said.

When England went in to bat tragedy quickly followed. Great batsmen were dismissed for small scores, and when the 8th wicket had fallen England looked doomed to follow-on.

Lord Tennyson, sitting in the Pavilion, his right hand swathed

in bandages, looked a very worried man. He knew that the Australian bowlers, on top of their form, would go all out to "finish off" the last batsmen, and then attempt to run through the England team when they batted again. The only answer was to go out there, take a big chance, and attempt to swipe the Aussies all over the ground.

None of the remaining batsmen, Lord Tennyson knew were capable of doing this—apart from himself. And there he was, ordered not to take any further part in the match, with his country apparently booked for defeat.

Then Lord Tennyson made a great decision—he would risk the consequences and go out there and try to make a fight of it with the Australians!

Buckling on his pads, Tennyson was ready to go out on to the pitch when the next wicket fell, and the Aussies, as much as the spectators, were amazed to see him stride out on to the field.

But Lord Tennyson's strategy proved to be right. Although he had only one sound hand he went for the bowling without unduly risking his wicket. By the time the last wicket had



"Come, come! Be reasonable! After all, somebody's got to be rear gunner. We can't all sit with the driver, y'know!"

fallen the cricketing lord had knocked up a priceless 63. This enabled England to avoid the follow on.

Had his injured hand been again knocked, however...

Eddie Paynter has risen from a sick bed to play for England in Australia. Other stars have played under very great difficulties, but the innings of Jack Hobbs that August Monday, and Lord Tennyson's super-knock when things looked black for England, will never be forgotten by those who love the great game.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Lambing Makes Hard Work On the Farm, A.B. Harry Crawford



IT'S been a busy time, A. B. Harry Storey Crawford, at your home at Tumby Woodside, Mareham-le-Fen, Lincolnshire.

Over 100 lambs have arrived on the farm, and their coming cost your father and mother four nights' sleep.

But they are none the worse for it, and your father is so proud of the new arrivals that he sends you this picture of himself acting as nursemaid.

We were fortunate in choosing a lovely Spring day for our visit, and, believe us, we enjoyed roaming round the place.

Your brothers, Jim and Charles, were hard at work cutting up logs for the winter. We can assure you that there will be no fuel shortage so far as they are concerned.

Good News and a Request for Sto. Bill Armstrong

YOUR father is hoping to beat you in a game of darts at the King's Head, next time you come home on leave to 9, Salisbury House, St. Mary's Park, Islington, N.1., Stoker Bill Armstrong.

He has been getting in some practice lately, and seems quite confident of wiping out those defeats you inflicted on him the last time you went there together.

Both your mother and father are keeping well, Bill, and so for that matter are the rest of the family. Doris is working hard at her dress-making, and Rita is busy learning machining. Nellie and Edie are keeping the railway going, and Esther is still on Government work, we are told.

Ethel, too, has a full time job on her hands, for young Carol is just getting to the stage where she makes her presence known.

As for the other members of the family Bill, there is young Beryl who is still at school, and John, who has just about seen enough of Italy after three years with the Army in that area.

Joyce is waiting to welcome you home, and so are your nephews, Bernie and Brian, who were very anxious to stay away from school so that they could send their own messages to you. Needless to say, school won.

Billy Fowler is keeping fitter now, and he, too, is hoping it won't be long before you are able to visit the Odeon to see some more thrillers.

Until then, Bill, all the family are thinking of you, and all send their love, but with it comes a request. Please write a little more often Bill.



Bound and gagged the mate lay beside the barrels of gunpowder expecting to

BLOW UP WITH THE BRIG

**WILKIE
COLLINS'
THRILLER**

I COULD neither move nor speak, but I could see the Spaniards take off the main hatch and rig the purchases for getting up the cargo. A quarter of an hour afterward I heard the sweeps of a schooner, or other small vessel, in the water.

The strange craft was laid alongside us, and the Spaniards set to work to discharge our cargo into her. They all worked hard except the pilot, and he came from time to time, with his lantern, to have another look at me, and to grin and nod always in the same devilish way.

I am old enough now not to be ashamed of confessing the truth, and I don't mind acknowledging that the pilot frightened me.

The fright, and the bonds, and the gag, and the not being able to stir hand or foot, had pretty nigh worn me out by the time the Spaniards gave over work. This was just as the dawn broke. They had shifted a good part of our cargo on

board their vessel, but nothing like all of it, and they were sharp enough to be off with what they had got before daylight.

I need hardly say that I had made up my mind by this time to the worst I could think of. The pilot, it was clear enough, was one of the spies of the enemy, who had wormed himself into the confidence of our consignees without being suspected.

He, or more likely his employers, had got knowledge enough of us to suspect what our cargo was; we had been anchored for the night in the safest berth for them to surprise us in, and we had paid the penalty of having a small crew, and consequently an insufficient watch. All this was clear enough—but what did the

pilot mean to do with me?

On the word of a man, it makes my flesh creep now, only to tell you what he did with me.

After all the rest of them were out of the brig, except the pilot and two Spanish seamen, these last took me up, bound and gagged as I was, lowered me into the hold of the vessel, and laid me along the floor, lashing me to it with ropes' ends, so that I could just turn from one side to the other, but could not roll myself fairly over, so as to change my place. They then left me. Both of them were the worse for liquor, but the devil of a pilot was sober—mind that!—as sober as I am at the present moment.

I lay in the dark for a little while, with my heart thumping as if it was going to jump out of me. I lay for about five minutes or so when the pilot came down into the hold alone.

He had the captain's cursed flat candlestick and a carpenter's awl in one hand, and a long thin twist of cotton-yarn, well oiled, in the other. He put the candlestick, with a new "dip" candle lighted in it, down on the floor about two feet from my face, and close against the side of the vessel. The light was feeble enough, but it was sufficient to show a dozen barrels of gunpowder or more

left all round me in the hold of the brig. I began to suspect what he was after the moment I noticed the barrels.

The horrors laid hold of me from head to foot, and the sweat poured off my face like water.

I saw him go next to one of the barrels of powder standing against the side of the vessel in a line with the candle, and about three feet, or rather better, away from it. He bored a hole in the side of the barrel with his awl, and the horrid powder came trickling out, as black as hell, and dripped into the hollow of his hand, which he held to catch it.

When he had got a good handful, he stopped up the hole by jamming one end of his oiled twist of cotton-yarn fast into it, and he then rubbed the powder into the whole length of the yarn until he had blackened every hair-breadth of it.

The next thing he did—as true as I sit here, as true as the heaven above us all—the next thing he did was to carry the free end of his long, lean, black, frightful slow-match to the lighted candle alongside my face.

He tied it (the bloody-minded villain!) in several folds round the tallow dip, about a third of the distance down, measuring from the flame of the wick to the lip of the candlestick.

He did that; he looked to see that my lashings were all safe, and then he put his face close to mine and whispered in my ear, "Blow up with the brig!"

He was on deck again the moment after, and he and the two others shoved the hatch on over me. At the furthest end from where I lay they had not fitted it down quite true, and I saw a blink of daylight glimmering in when I looked in that direction. I heard the sweeps of the schooner fall into the water—splash! splash! fainter and fainter, as they swept the vessel out in the dead calm, to be ready for the wind in the offing. Fainter and fainter, splash! splash! for a quarter of an hour more.

While those sounds were

in my ears, my eyes were fixed on the candle.

It had been freshly lighted. It left to itself it would burn for between six and seven hours. The slow-match was twisted round it about a third of the way down, and therefore the flame would be about two hours reaching it. There I lay, gagged, bound, lashed to the floor, seeing my own life burning down with the candle by my side—there I lay, alone on the sea, doomed to be blown to atoms, and to see that doom drawing on, nearer and nearer with every fresh second of time, through nigh on two hours to come, powerless to help myself, and speechless to call for help to others.

The wonder to me is that I didn't cheat the flame, the slow-match, and the powder,

(Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. A withy is a small basket, kind of tree, part of a horse's leg, weaver's thimble?
2. What is the difference between (a) caret, (b) carat, (c) carrot?
3. How much does a pint of water weigh (to the nearest quarter of a pound)?
4. How do you convert knots into miles per hour?

5. In what country is a stiver a coin?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Farthing, Groat, Noble, Angel, Guinea, Tester.

Answers to Quiz in No. 670

1. Kind of strawberry.
2. Prince Edward Island.
3. Sir James Dewar.
4. Freckles.
5. Eyrie.
6. Gower is not a forest; others are.

Fourteen Postmen Rule the World

THE International Postal Union has fixed things up. You can write to friends in the Solomon Islands or the Congo, and the Postal Union will make sure that your letter arrives.

We have grown so used to Postal Union perfection that few people remember the days when, in order to write to someone abroad, you had to take your letter to a head post office and indicate the ships and trains by which you wished the letter to travel.

Seventy years ago, when it was first formed to end chaos and control the world's foreign letters, the Postal Union was called the "First World Parliament." Now the League of Nations has come and gone, but the Union still goes on.

Every year it is responsible for the safe transit of 40,000,000,000 letters all the world over. Britain's contribution is usually 101,000,000 letters and postcards despatched, and 96,000,000 received.

It checks the activities of international mail-bag thieves, and by the organization of international reply coupons make it possible for business men to send stamped addressed envelopes to concerns in Tibet or Turkey.

Even the Nazis were rapped over the knuckles by the Union for allowing their censors to interfere with international letters in transit.

When mail failed to travel safely across Manchukuo, the Union had no hesitation in hinting that Japan would be cut from international postal connections unless something were done.

You would expect, of course, to find so powerful an organization housed in a palace. It comes as a shock to find it controlled from a typical suburban villa of Berne with a staff of only fourteen men.

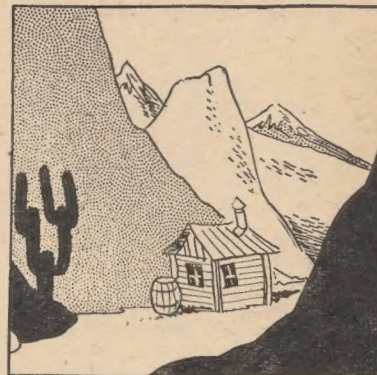
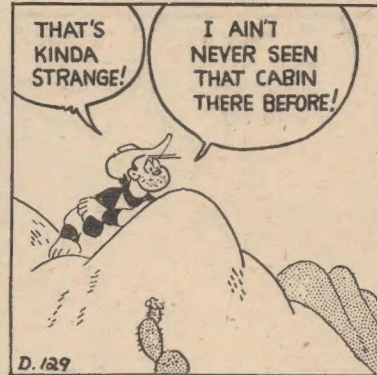
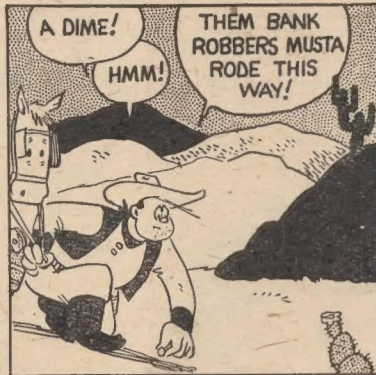
Peace or war, the fourteen postmen who rule the world juggle with statistics.

Every three years they hold a grand postal census to discover the postal debits and credits of Union members.

Still estimated on the basis of the gold franc, the accounts in the clearing house of the Union usually compensate one another, one year or the next.

Sultan: "Bring me a girl."
Servant: "Very good, sir."
Sultan: "Not necessarily."

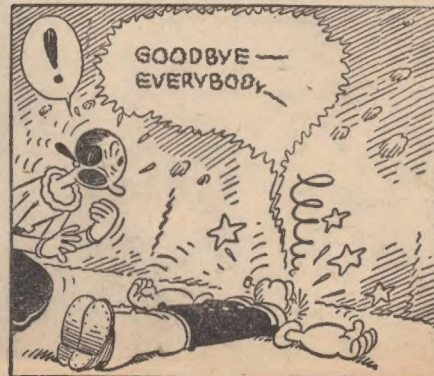
BELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words

No. 610

1. Behead a kink and get a stack.
2. Insert the same letter twelve times and get a sentence: ayecietoeicahisistich-towioiwio.
3. What common word has TRAN for its exact middle?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: The only kind of — who wears — is the bishop.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 609

1. S-lack.
2. Bright blonde beauties blow big blue bubbles.
3. DelICious.
4. Paste, tapes.

JANE

BLOW UP WITH THE BRIG

(Continued from Page 2)

and die of the horror of my situation before my first half-hour was out in the hold of the brig.

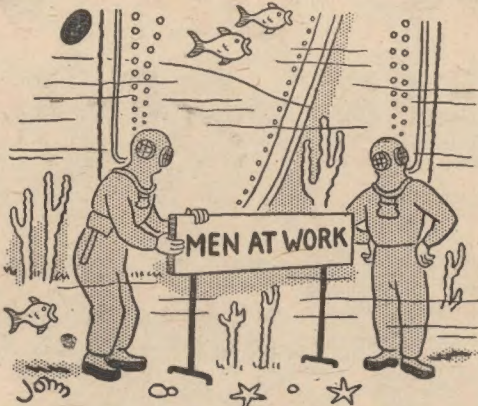
I can't exactly say how long I kept the command of my senses after I had ceased to hear the splash of the schooner's sweeps in the water.

I can trace back everything I did and everything I thought, up to a certain point; but, once past that, I get all abroad, and lose myself in my memory now, much as I lost myself in my own feelings at the time.

The moment the hatch was covered over me, I began, as every other man would have begun in my place, with a frantic effort to free my hands. In the mad panic I was in, I cut my flesh with the lashings as if they had been knife-blades, but I never stirred them. There was less chance still of freeing my legs, or of

tearing myself from the fastenings that held me to the floor. I gave in when I was all but suffocated for want of breath. The gag, you will please to remember, was a terrible enemy to me; I could only breathe freely through my nose—and that is but a poor vent when a man is straining his strength as far as ever it will go.

I gave in and lay quiet, and



got my breath again, my eyes glaring and straining at the candle all the time.

While I was staring at it, the notion struck me of trying to blow out the flame by pumping a long breath at it suddenly through my nostrils. It was too high above me, and too far away from me, to be reached in that fashion. I tried, and tried, and tried; and then I gave in again, and lay quiet again, always with my eyes glaring at the candle, and the candle glaring at me. The splash of the schooner's sweeps was very faint by this time. I could only just hear them in the morning stillness. Splash! splash! fainter and fainter—splash! splash!

Without exactly feeling my mind going, I began to feel it getting queer as early as this. The snuff of the candle was growing taller and taller, and the length of tallow between the flame and the slow-match, which was the length of my life, was getting shorter and shorter. I calcu-

lated that I had rather less than an hour and a half to live.

An hour and a half! Was there a chance in that time of a boat pulling off to the brig from shore?

An hour and a quarter. The wick grew terribly as the quarter slipped away, and the charred top of it began to thicken and spread out mushroom shape. It would fall off soon. Would it fall off red-hot, and would the swing of the brig cant it over the side of the candle and let it down on the slow-match? If it would, I had about ten minutes to live instead of an hour.

(To be concluded)

ALEX CRACK

"You're still single, and yet you got two hundred replies when you advertised for a wife." "Yes, old man, they were all from married men."



Very Hot Air

U.S. NAVY "Privateer," brother of the Consolidated Liberator, is in service as bomber, photographic and reconnaissance aeroplane in Far East. A real tough baby, Privateer weighs 65,000lbs., ranges 3,000 miles, and cruises at 250 m.p.h. Also in Far East now is Northrop's P61 night-fighter, busy keeping U.S. troops free from Jap night raids on Saipan.

BEST U.S. jet plane to date, the Lockheed P-80 "Shooting Star," claims to top 700 m.p.h. Perhaps someone confused the maximum speed and terminal velocity figures!

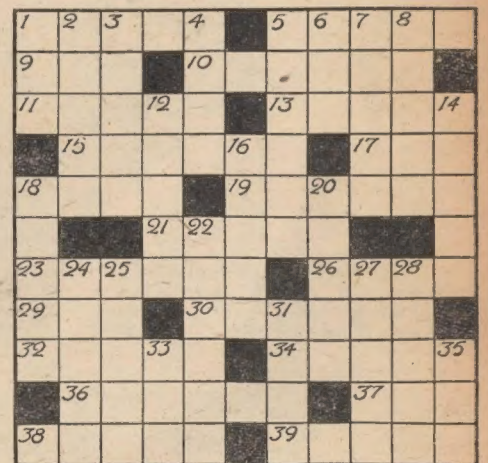
BRITAIN'S answer to the German blitz of 1940-41 is summed up by a comparison of the worst single raids suffered by either country. Heaviest tonnage dropped by Germans in one raid, 450 tons. Heaviest tonnage dropped by British in one raid, 3,000 tons. No comment is necessary.

THE King has conferred the title of "Royal" on the Indian Air Force, because of its excellent war record. It will in future be known as the Royal Indian Air Force.

Peter Vincent

CROSS-WORD CORNER

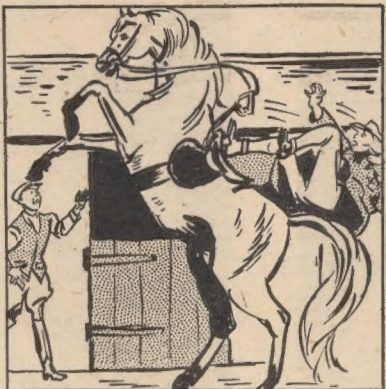
JAM WAIST W
FUMED LOCH
SAT TIMOTHY
CRAB EAT E
O BEAUX MET
OWLET IVORY
TIE LEMON P
Z TAX WAVE
REFUSAL RIO
ANON LANC
W BETTY HAT



CLUES ACROSS.—1 Liking. 5 African language. 9 Young rascal. 10 Author. 11 Arc. 13 Brown pigment. 15 Quest. 17 Card. 18 Dance. 19 Bad blunder. 21 Reckless hit. 23 Out of sight. 26 Relief payment. 29 Obtained. 30 Road distance. 32 Ordain. 34 Part of flower. 36 Small bottles. 37 Day before. 38 Boy's name. 39 Heron.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Neuralgia. 2 Divert. 3 Lark. 4 Pitcher. 5 Chess piece. 6 Consumed. 7 Indian State. 8 Instant. 12 Dance. 14 High nest. 16 Backbone. 18 Colouring matter. 20 Pack tightly. 22 Boxing weight. 25 Commence. 27 External. 28 Permission. 31 Recess. 33 Hint. 35 Permit.

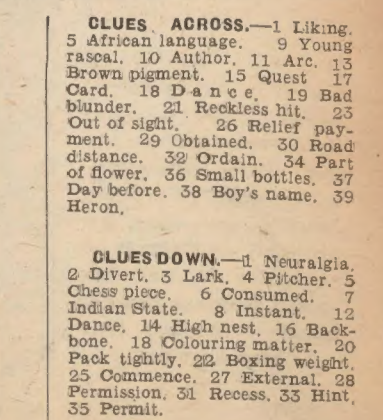
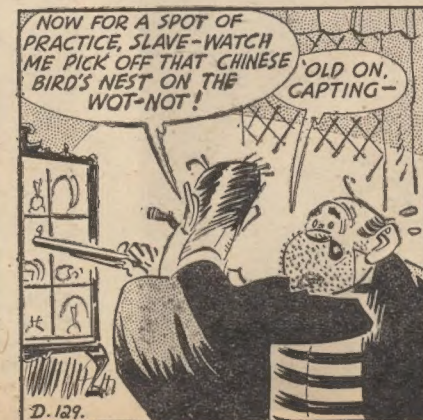
RUGGLES



GARTH



JACK JARL



Good Morning



The May trees spill their blossoms like a snowdrift in the fields above the village of Clun, in Shropshire. The church tower stands squat and four square to all the winds that blow. This picture was taken from the crumbling walls of Clun Castle — seen inel over the village.

We present for your astonished eyes the only known picture of "Magdeburg Mouser"—the Fuehrer's favourite feline. At the moment he is licking a certain portion of his anatomy—the result of a smart kick in the pants administered by the Ship's Cat.



A SIGH FOR DAYS PAST. It's hard for us old gaffers to recognise in this sinuous siren the gay little schoolgirl, whom we knew as Anne Shirley. But, then, it's probably as difficult to recognise in our be-sotted features the de-bonair schoolboy that was once us.



This is not a picture of two members of "the gentle sex" mixing it in an all-in wrestling bout—although after one glance at those thighs we should think three times before saying anything out of turn to either of the little darlings! 'S'matter of fact, they're circus acrobats limbering-up before their turn under the Big Top.



Child Welfare Note: The baby here is seen enjoying the third course of a four-course meal. First course is always the right thumb, next the left thumb, and then, for the sake of variety, the left big toe is tackled, and baby tops off with a right toe snack.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"And I'm on my third course."

